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"IF LOOKS WOULD KILL!"

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

Our Inquiring Monarchs.—How Scotland's Industrial horrors were shrouded from Their Majesties.

King George and Queen Mary are both of an "inquiring" turn of mind, who love to see how things really are, and not as Peerage-hunting millionaire millowners would have them see things. Their Majesties, however, were given no opportunity of raising the veil of Scotland's industrial horrors. Wherever their Majesties went it was always the cleanest streets, and the loveliest views that were shown by the cicerones of the Royal party. In Glasgow, where there is appalling poverty, King George and Queen Mary saw nothing but what suggested that everybody in the Second City had more money than he knew what to do with. In Dundee, where the jute millionaires can hand over fortunes to notoriety-hunting Antarctic adventurers, there are horrors that have no parallel in London. Their Majesties know absolutely nothing about them. The jute millionaires saw to that all right.

* * *

Dundonians Dread of the 6 o'clock Siren.

I need not tell what I saw with my own eyes years ago of slum life in Dundee, for while penning these notes another has put in type the same impressions, with the added merit of present-day fact. Here is one excerpt. It is from "Cassell's Journal." The neighbourhood referred to is immediately behind the Ashton Works, where the King saw for the first time jute fabrics in the making. "Side streets of less than fifty yards in length intersect each thoroughfare, forming squares of irregular barracks, in which many of the mill-workers live. Old crones, with faces as dirty as their shawls, sat on doorsteps in the empty side-streets with the inevitable snuff-box in their hands. Most of the elderly women in the mills snuff. Out of these dirty doorways, from houses like rabbit-warrens, hundreds of the mill-hands hurry every morning before six o'clock at the call of the sirens. Too soon do the children begin to dread the unearthly sounds."

The Alien Problem Spreads to "Bonny" Scotland.

"Out into the Overgate, into which these streets lead, . . . public houses jostle with pawnshops for pride of place, as shop frontage, while the vinegary odour from the fish-and-chips shops permeates everywhere. And the pavements swarm with children. Small wonder, then, that the majority of the inhabitants of these hovels have no social sense. Here again the jute taint is evident. The opportunities for female labour in the mills draw to the city a large number of undesirable aliens. Many of them are improvident, of drunken habits, and lazy, and they have a polluting effect on the whole neighbourhood.

"This class hold the record for overcrowding and dirty houses. In one room, in a dilapidated back-land cottage into which I had a peep, a family of seven slept each night. Both parents and the eldest son, a lad of 17, worked in the mill. All the furniture in the dingy apartment was a ricketty table and an orange-box arrangement in the corner, presumably for the children. The atmosphere in these hot summer days must be stifling, for these people dread open windows."

* * *

Where Royal Ignorance is Bliss!

If someone had told Queen Mary how many children die in Dundee every year her Majesty might perhaps have gone out of her way to see how the millionaires' money is made. But nobody did so. Castles, town halls, cathedrals, palaces, and flag-covered streets were all that the Sovereigns were allowed to see in "Bonny (!) Scotland," and perhaps it's as well. For their Majesties would only have been compelled to realise their own impotence in the face of such domestic problems as hidden Dundee presents. And the King has no money to spare for the amelioration of the hard lot of the miserable mill-worker. And if he had, it wouldn't be his duty to give it to Dundee. There are others who should, and could, do that.

* * *

Portland Keeps his Son's First Dance out of the Papers.

Incidentally, while their Majesties have been in Scotland the other members of the Royal family have been keeping the social whirl-wheel a-going in their absence. And doing it without advertising the fact! Round at the Portlands' place in Grosvenor Square, one night last week, I had the honour of meeting the Princess Royal and her daughter, Princess Maud. Lord Titchfield, the heir, and his sister, Lady Victoria, gave a dance, which was intended to be a small and cheery affair, but which developed by midnight into a crush. I mention this affair because, in contradistinction to the dance of a swagger American countess which occurred not far off on the same night, every precaution was taken by the Duke to keep his son's little function out of the papers. Last Thursday morning not a word appeared about the Princess Royal's appearance in Grosvenor Square. Had I not met her there myself I should not have known of the honour she did the heir of Welbeck.

* * *

The Pretty Secret Behind the Duke's Modesty.

Her Royal Highness, however, arrived just before 11 o'clock in her carriage and pair, in which

Diner: "Have you any celery, waiter?"
Waiter: "No, Madam. I relies entirely on my tips."

she always drives out—almost the only horse-drawn vehicle of the evening. The Princess Royal was unattended by any lady save her daughter, and in the ballroom I heard it whispered that a romance between young Lord Titchfield and Princess Maud was the cause of the Duke's desire to keep his son's dance so dark! I shouldn't be surprised at the news, anyway, for Lord Titchfield is good-looking, likely to be fabulously wealthy, and Princess Maud, as I have already announced some months ago, is destined to marry in this country if she marries at all, for her mother is dead against a foreign union for her daughter. The marriage of the Duchess of Fife, the eldest girl, and Prince Arthur seems to have turned out quite as I prognosticated it would, in spite of its being no "love-romance" on Prince Arthur's side.

* * *

"Daily Express" discovers a "Modern Life" Exclusive "Quite O.K."

By the way, the first of the daily papers to announce the coming accouchement of Princess Arthur is the *Daily Express*, which says: "An interesting event is expected in the household of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught in the course of this month" (July 7th). The *Daily Express*, however, is at best somewhat belated. Modern Life announced the event several weeks ago, and the first intimation of what had happened in Mount Street was given to the world by me on the 31st of January last, when the Princess herself wasn't quite certain about it! A certain famous Court doctor's excitement over the secret was the cause of my learning it and giving it to the world.

* * *

The Titchfield Romance Sure to be Popular.

In the last reign the Portlands were not quite in such high favour as at present, although the Duke and Duchess were regularly the hosts of the Sovereigns every year, and of any other crowned heads who visited these shores. But when the old Duchess of Buccleuch died, and Queen Alexandra had to appoint another Mistress of the Robes, she gave that exalted job to the Duchess of Portland, but so far her Grace has never been called upon for any duties under the appointment. Which may be due to kindly forbearance on the part of the Queen-Mother, or to the fact that she desired to do the Duchess honour of a signal kind, without entailing any inconvenience. Portland's duchess is very much of a home-bird, and she finds Society very irksome, though no lady in England knows how to entertain important people with more perfect grace. Lord Titchfield's marriage with Princess Maud would be extremely popular with all classes.

* * *

Lord Ellesmere Not the Last of the "Gold Tassels."

The late Earl of Ellesmere is described by the *Daily Telegraph* as "the last undergraduate to receive the privileges and wear the black silk gown distinctive of noble rank" at Cambridge. That may be so, but the Earl of Rosebery wore the gold

tassel and other distinctive marks of noble rank at Oxford, when at Christ Church, and there may be other peers living who did likewise. Like Lord Rosebery, the late Earl of Ellesmere came into his earldom while in his teens, and had a good time all his life, on account of reaping the wealth piled up by a ducal ancestor who lived on £400 a year, when his income was in five figures, if not six!

* * *

Recent Tragedies of the Ellesmeres.

Lord Ellesmere, who avoided Society without being anything of a recluse, was only 68, but the wonder is that he lived so long. He came of a delicate family, and one that has had a struggle to maintain its honours through running so much to women. In 1901 a somewhat tragic occurrence took place at Worsley. Lady Helen Egerton, Lord Ellesmere's youngest daughter, died suddenly from a shock. One of the footmen in the house, where she lay ill, shot a housemaid in a fit of jealousy, and when the news arrived in the room of Lady Helen she immediately gave up the ghost. Three years later, her brother, the Hon. Reginald Egerton, died equally suddenly at the age of eighteen while on a visit to his uncle, the Marquess of Normanby, at Mulgrave Castle. The widowed Lady Ellesmere is, of course, one of the Mulgrave family, daughter to the second Marquess of Normanby.

* * *

No Killing the Tango.

There is absolutely no means of killing the tango. Even the condemnation of the Pope and the ban of Kaiser Wilhelm have failed to do the trick. Wherever a piano-organ is heard in some little chamber a pair of arms will be set wobbling, and a pair of legs will start shuffling along! Months ago we told the simple truth about the tango—that there never was a more moral and decent dance, and that it wasn't in it for sheer licentiousness with our old lancers and waltzes. Now even Queen Mary has come to her senses on this matter, and though the dance arrived from the Sunny South, everybody knows that it is a really wholesome and very arduous step, and one well worth cultivating.

Since Queen Mary caused it to be danced before her at the Grand Duke Michael's, at Ken Wood, not a word has been heard against it. And in any case, we have to follow the American example in these matters nowadays, and America stands by the tango in dancing as surely as it does by "graft" in business. The tango rage has reached such a pitch that the beaches of the fashionable New York bathing resorts are just now alive with tangoists "going it" merrily in their bathing clothes, until the Stigginses and Chadbands writhe with anguish.

One of them has been publicly preaching against the beach-tangoists, and reminding them of the fate of the Cities of the Plain. "A band of panderers," he says, "provides an organ orchestra to provoke and encourage men and women to dance in their bathing suits—but one degree (and that a very thin degree) removed from nudity. These shameful creatures, locked in each other's arms, whirl, sway, bend, and dip upon the sand, with

Claudie to Montgomery (on finding bathing costume): "Let's find the girl now, what!"

Artists, already a very harassed class, have now to bear the additional expense and anxiety of insuring their work against outrages by suffragettes; and such scenes as that depicted above are of everyday occurrence wherever pictures are exhibited in public.

every evidence of excitement and pleasure both in themselves and in the assembled throng."

And unless we are mistaken, there will be a good deal of beach-tangoing this summer round the coasts of Britain! And why not?

* * *

Peer Enters His Ancestral Hall for the First Time.

There are some queer folk in the Peerage of Britain! Many of them have glorious ancestral halls (worth millions of dollars from the point of view of hustle-sick American "kings") yet they never see them, and often pass their whole lives with but the barest acquaintance with the halls of their ancestors. Lord Braybrooke, for instance, has just returned to his family seat at Audley End. It is the first time he has been there since he succeeded to the title in 1904. Yet Audley End is one of the most desirable places in this country. For many generations it was the largest private house in England. King James the First said: "It is too much for a king, but it would do very well for a Lord Chancellor!" In these days there is generally a secret behind an absentee peer —and one Mr. Lloyd George can easily divulge.

* * *

Lord Howard de Walden Gallantly Stands By His Poor Relations.

That, anyhow, is the case with Lord Braybrooke, for Audley End had to pay death and other duties twice in two years, 1902 and 1904, when the fifth and sixth Lords Braybrooke died, and his present Lordship had to let the place to the rich Lord Howard de Walden, in order to keep his head above water. Lord Howard de Walden has had the place on lease for several years, and now the rightful tenant enters his lordly domain for the first time. The first Lord Braybrooke was also fourth Lord Howard de Walden, which explains the noble way young Lord Howard of to-day came to his remote relation's succour, when Sir William Harcourt (the Lloyd George of the last decade) pounced down upon him in 1902 and 1904, which does Lord Howard no small credit, seeing that it is 150 years since there was any blood relationship between his ancestors and Lord Braybrooke's.

* * *

Europe's Most Beautiful "Tragedy Spot."

Europe has many remarkable "tragedy spots," and one of the most tragic has just been re-called by the mad act of Madame von der Heydt, the wife of the well-known Munich artist, who took the two daughters of a village carpenter out for a row on the beautiful Starnberg Lake, and when in the middle of the lake calmly drank a small phial of poison, and then plunged into the lake, in which she was drowned. This was the lake in which King Ludwig of Bavaria drowned himself and his doctor after a terrible fight.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE ATTACKS ON BOXING.

The result of the great fight between Carpentier and Smith has been very disappointing, especially to those who see in the popularity of boxing among cultured people a good sign of the times, and so desire that nothing shall happen to cause boxing again to get on the down grade. For there is no denying the fact that the result of the recent fight has not done boxing much good, and has given cause for that spirit of doubt and distrust about all things connected with fighting that all who are interested in good and pure sport wish to discourage, and which they thought they had effectually knocked on the head when they saw Olympia packed the other night with between ten and twenty thousand people to see a couple of the greatest of our modern gladiators give the lie to the enemies of the manly sports and games of England. Those who know anything about boxing, and especially those who were actually on the scene, know perfectly well that the Carpentier-Smith fight was altogether on the square, that it was not "arranged," or "sold," like some fights in the past have been, that Gunboat Smith had not the slightest desire to infringe the rules, and simply hit Carpentier when he was down owing to over-excitement. All the chitter-chatter about Carpentier being glad of the opportunity of taking advantage of a foul is the purest moonshine. All the rubbish about Gunboat Smith deliberately fouling the Frenchman because he saw he was getting beaten, and preferred to be beaten on a foul rather than be knocked out, is the most tinny twaddle. Yet it cannot be denied that the end of the fight was unsatisfactory, and has given cause once more to the wretched spoil-sports and the namby-pamby brigade to cry again: "Enough of boxing, enough of everything that is not concerned with effeminateness and sloppiness, and the decay of that virile spirit which has held the race of Englishmen as we see it to-day through the sports and games of hundreds of years."

I have been led to make these few remarks, as the village orator said, by reading a report of some silly and violent speeches regarding boxing at the Wesleyan Conference. It almost gives one physical nausea to read such stuff—muck I very nearly called it, and muck in reality it is. Some of the dissenting ministers assembled at this Conference have been at the old game that I had thought was getting a bit "off" in these days, even at Wesleyan Conferences—the game of decrying everything on God's earth except hymn-books and sloppiness. Boxing is wicked, theatres are hell, dances are the devil—every mortal thing that causes you to enjoy yourself in any way—everything that tends towards manliness and against old women of both sexes—is of Satan himself, and to be immediately put down with an iron hand if Wesleyan Conferences are to have their way. And boxing appears, from these speeches, to have got it hot and strong at this particular Conference. It is a reaction back to the days of lust for blood—and all that sort of stuff—you know the piffle these dissenting ministers give us when they are talking of what they understand, and from this you can easily deduce the infernal balderdash they talk when they get on to a subject like boxing, about which they know as much as the man in the moon or a monkey up a stick. If people want to orate about boxing, why on earth don't they learn something about it? Yet here we have these young bloods of the Wesleyan confraternity lecturing the sloppy men and women who comprise their audiences (and who apparently will swallow anything from an idiotic young man in a white choker and baggy trousers) and giving an account of the Carpentier-Smith fight that is absolutely wide of the mark, and an account of the practice and tendencies of boxing that can only be properly described as a pack of lies. Ignorance, ignorance, ignorance! Prejudice, prejudice, prejudice! Bigotry, bigotry, bigotry! Thus, even in the twentieth century, is a good deal of our religion manufactured for us, and, to the eternal discredit of humanity, millions of our people are apparently willing to swallow it like quack medicine at a shilling a bottle.

"A Woman Alone" and "A Study in Bereavement" do not sound two particularly "larky" titles for the new bill at The Little Theatre. Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of "A Woman Alone," is the widow of the late Professor Kingdon Clifford, whose death in 1879 left her with two small children to support. Perhaps this may partly account for the fact that her brilliant work as novelist is always marred by her inability to see any but the "night" side of life. Her "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman" and "The Likeness of the Night" are poignantly pessimistic. The latter first appeared in the "Anglo-Saxon Review," when Lady Randolph Churchill was running that delectable periodical. Mrs. Clifford took as her motto Swinburne's—"And where day was, the likeness of the night. This is the end of every man's desire"—and the Kendals and Lady (then Mrs.) Tree staged it at the St. James's in 1901. Mrs. Kendal acted superbly, but the public couldn't stand the play's persistent pessimism.

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"The Scotsman who Counts," runs a "T.P.'s Weekly" placard. We thought they were all pretty good hands at figures.

* * *

Freddie Welsh states in the *Evening News* that "every ounce of weight should be used when sitting." We have acted on his advice for the past week and carried out the exercise every day, and now find that our sitting muscles are enormously developed.

* * *

The producer at Pathé Frères Kinema producing house had a frank and amusing answer from one of his actresses a few weeks ago. The girl was supposed to resist an attempt to kiss her, but the rehearsal wa far from satisfactory.

"Think now," he said, coaching her, "haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing you?"

"No," came the girl's disconcerting reply.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Has there not been a particularly romantic—and only too successful—elopement from a fashionable girls' school?

* * *

Why does the strange smell of opium cling to the chambers in the Temple?

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Has the last been heard of the Denis Anson case?

* * *

Did Miss Christabel Pankhurst enjoy her fortnight's stay in London?

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Are not the Admiralty preparing to spring a tremendous surprise on the aeronautical world?

* * *

Has not the policeman on Richmond Terrace made it a very dull place?

* * *

Is it true that absinthe is finding its way in large quantities to the house of a famous politician?

* * *

Who is the peer who is being made the prey of the blackmailer, and do not the solicitors think it will be a very difficult case to settle?

* * *

Why was the Mayfair burglary not disclosed to the police?

* * *

Who is the member of the Surrey C.C.C. who was "called to order" by the Secretary of that august body for saying to the waitress at the Pavilion bar, "Hurry up with that tea, love"?

* * *

And whether the said admirable Secretary's lack of sense of humour is not by way of being a standing joke at the Kennington ground?

* * *

The name of the novelist who dedicated his work to the memory of a lady who was "much to many," only to have it rendered by the printer "much too many"?

* * *

If it is true that Charles Fry's cricket in 1914 is being played on vegetarian diet and no whiskey?

* * *

If Mr. "Jimmy" Lowther really is contemplating resignation of the Speakership of the Commons?

Mrs. Smith: "That Mrs. Jones has no manners at all. She always turns round and looks after us when we pass her."
Mr. Smith: "How do you know?"

Is Mary, Queen of Scots, the "great historic figure" that Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry is to impersonate under her new long contract?

* * *

How did Cardinal Gasquet get back his missing watch?

* * *

What do the police authorities of Long Beach, U.S.A., mean by publishing the notice that "Venuses de Milo, in mosquito-netting, won't be tolerated any longer"? Do they wish to force the poor dears to appear without any netting at all?

* * *

Who is the Irish politician who has been backing up ex-Inspector Syme in his attacks on Sir Edward Henry? And wasn't Sir Edward's name dragged in mainly to satisfy this Irishman's personal animosity?

* * *

Is there any truth in the report that the famous American convict prison is about to change its name to "Sing-Song"?

* * *

What is the real truth about the narrow escape from death by drowning of Max Linder and Gaby Deslys last week? Why did the first "providential escape" fail to materialise?

* * *

Who spread the story over Paris of Jack Johnson's gold-mounted walking-stick? Is it true that this stick is inscribed: "The Property of Jack Johnson—who can kill a man with one blow"? Was this stolen from a café cloakroom and a note left in its place reading:—"The fellow who has borrowed your stick can't box, but he's a mighty fast runner. He started to run half an hour ago"? Or is the whole yarn another of Mr. Wolfe's humorous narratives?

* * *

If people are not now wondering why "Monna Vanna" was ever barred by the Censor, and if Miss Constance Collier, in the much-talked-of mantle only scene, does not look positively overdressed, as compared with present-day fashions?

MORE OR LESS.

Cheap Marriage.

I think it is about time I entered a plea for marriage. Not that I have any intention of committing that last indiscretion of all—as yet (not until a millionaire comes along anyway), but because I am tired of hearing marriage labelled everywhere an expensive investment. It isn't. The expensive part of marriage comes when you are taking out the girl of your choice, not when you have succeeded in taking her in. Marriage, once you have accomplished it, becomes the cheapest thing going. No more presents, no more flowers, no little nights out, or stalls at the theatre. Benedict accomplished goes to the Empire on his own, leaving his wife to mend his socks in that semi-detached villa called—perhaps because there aren't any—"The Firs." "Her home is her Empire," he proudly asserts. Maybe, but it isn't quite so amusing as the one he slinks out to on his own. So far from marriage turning a bachelor into a bankrupt, it ought to be regarded as a kind of money-saving machine. "You pay the license, we do the rest," is the label every would-be wife should display upon her breast. It would be far more effective than the silly little button some women wear now with "Votes for Women" printed on it. What's the use of calling a husband a vote?

Cats in the Manger.

Talking about marriage, lots of husbands are dying at this time of the year to suggest the advisability of separate holidays to their wives. Most of them get no further than the desire, and even those who do dare will eventually find themselves squeezed thirteen deep in a railway carriage for Margate, with children and luggage all over them just the same. Separate holidays are not included in the matrimonial allowances of the average wife. She will allow the husband of her bosom certain privileges of absence, will not inquire too closely, for instance, into the business reasons that detain him so frequently in that part of the town spanned east, west, north and south by the Tube, but she will issue no ticket of leave for separate holidays. Honestly, I think the music-halls are a great deal responsible for the supervision of husbands. When every red-nosed comedian has something to say about the holiday adventures of bachelor husbands (generally in connection with "a little bit of fluff"), you can't blame the wife for grimly resolving to be not only a little bit of fluff, but a whole eider-down as well to the husband of her bosom. She may not want him herself, but one thing is certain, no other woman shall have him. Every woman is at heart a cat in the manger when it comes to sharing a man.

The Frill of Change.

Enthusiasts are fond of telling us that monogamy has had its day, and that polygamy will soon become an established fact. H'm! It may, perhaps, when all the men are dead; not before. But the feminine heart is a strange thing. There isn't a woman living who isn't firmly convinced that she is fascinating enough to fill one man's whole life. The most devout lover knows perfectly well this isn't true. Even a Helen of Troy would pall after a thousand kisses had been launched upon her lips. What man wants most in life is change—and plenty of it. It seems rather hard upon him, when you come to think of the many Adamless Eves knocking about, that a man should be condemned to pass the whole of his existence with a solitary woman. Well might he be excused for asking, "Then what's the good of all the others?" And certainly it seems rather waste of time. Change is the lace frill to the petticoat of life, though, as we are not wearing petticoats now, perhaps the simile seems a little far fetched.

THE BARRIER.

Silas P. Jinks: "I hope there is nothing foolish between you and that young Spendleigh?"
Sadie Jinks: "There are only you and Mother, Pa!"

Woman as a Rib.

I know, of course, there have been men to whom one woman has come to mean everything; but these, you will find, are generally men who have loved plenty of others first. The first woman in a man's life will never be the last, although it is quite possible that the last may come to be the first. But what we women will never understand is that no matter how much a man may love us, we will never be to him the paramount thing in life. We are merely a side issue at best, or a lost rib.

Louise Heilgers.

A SLICE OUT OF GRAVENEY'S PAST.

"Some of these days I will tell you my past," Graveney promised.

Herrington shook his head.

"Dear man, if it is worse than mine, it's a pity to disturb the poor thing. Don't let's spill any reminiscences. We may be sorry afterwards."

"I'm tired of travelling," said Graveney, yawning. "Sick of packing and trains. I think I shall settle in the country and go in for beer and hounds and early British oaths, and . . ."

"The ladies?"

"Oh, damn the ladies," said Graveney, instantly. "I haven't kept single up to my age without a devil of a job. Lord! The women swear they are our equals and all that rot, but they are glad enough to take our names. The eagerness of some of the salt-cellar tribe is indecent. I hate a woman with a thin neck. I want to be able to do as I like until I turn my toes up. A married man has no personality. It's all prunes and custard. No, I've steered free of the shoals . . . it's cost me a lot, but I've done it. Really, it's safer to take to drink than to marry . . . only a question of the colour of the devils!"

"You're a cynical chap, Graveney."

"Not cynical, merely well informed. Chaps cry out that they envy a Turk with a harem. My dear fellow, a harem is awful! It's worse than a too large helping of beef at dinner. Give a man one wife, and he immediately wants two; but give him twenty and he's done for. It's all very well for us to moralise over the Mormons, but they've got to live through it."

"Going to buy a shoot?"

"Very likely."

"Going to collect anything?"

"Other people's love-letters, if I can," Graveney giggled. "They are so rich. I admit to a past. In fact, I am proud of it, when I think that I am still single. But I never did commit the pen-and-ink blunder."

"Now I must go," Herrington said. "My wife is expecting me back."

Graveney stared.

"Didn't know you were married."

"Didn't think any decent woman would have me, I suppose. How well we men know each other! Yes, I've been married some months. S'pose you didn't hear of it in India, it was a private affair. She is a wonderful creature, and so devoted."

Graveney sighed.

"I'm sorry you are married. I counted upon you to keep me company with the beer and the hounds. Instead, it will be all politeness and top hats."

"I'm happy enough, Graveney."

"I've been all over the world and run all sorts of dangers from ship-board risks to widow-women aching for a second dose. You've lived here in idleness and peace and got married. Who is she?"

"She was a Miss Ruby Hilary."

Graveney turned a little aside.

"Ruby Hilary?"

"Yes; parents lived in Dorset. Very wealthy people . . . . Ruby is quite an heiress."

Graveney raked through his trunks that night and turned up a bundle of old letters, marked 7. A dead primrose dropped out of one of them.

"Poor Herrington," murmured he. 'Wonder what ill-wind blew him to Dorset? What a good job I didn't start to tell him my past. He is such a fiery devil."

She: "Papa says he is going to put his foot down, and stop your visits."

He: "Are you sure he said 'down'?"

He applied a match to the letters and the flames writhed through the written words. He rather liked women's letters, but these had to be sacrificed. He hoped he would not meet her. Some women never know when they are done with! C. N.

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BY THE WAY.

Mr. Lloyd George's threatened autumn legislation imparts a certain piquancy to the statement that two of the Chancellor's potential "victims," the Dukes of Bedford and Portland, own 84,000 and 184,000 acres respectively. Granted that the latter's excess over the former of 100,000 acres or so is quite "considerable," you must recollect that the Duke of Portland has to "keep up" Welbeck Abbey, Castle Cessnock, Langwell, Fullarton House, and his place in London, as compared with the mere upkeep of Woburn Abbey, Endsleigh, Thorney, Oakley House, and 15 Belgrave Square, in the case of his Grace of Bedford. It's all a question of sense of proportion..., don'tcher know.

* * *

Memories of a delicious and unforgettable Rosalind are stirred by the flying visit here—not, unfortunately, on theatrical business—of Miss Julia Marlowe. That great actress, who has just sailed back to America, was staying "up the river" the other day, and was a member of the same house-party as Mr. Robert Courtney ("Bob") Vernon. The latter was over here partly on business connected with the Welsh-Ritchie fight, and, having the temerity to accept a seat in the victor's motor-car, became the centre of a seething, surging mob, anxious to pay homage—ye gods!—to "little Freddie."

"Copperfield" will be the third Dickens adaptation essayed by Sir Herbert Tree; the previous ones having been "Oliver Twist" and "Edwin Drood," both in versions prepared by Mr. Comyns Carr. The latter was quite "offended" because a friend happened to ask if he had known Dickens personally, claiming that he "wasn't old enough"—the fact being that Mr. Carr was born in 1849 and the novelist died in '70. "Joe" Carr wrote for the Adelphi, in collaboration with Haddon Chambers, the dramas "Boys Together" and "In the Days of the Duke." Neither enjoyed a long run, and it was said of the Waterloo one that Carr had consulted every book on that immortal campaign that was ever written—"What I say is, a little less history and a little more drama," quoth his exasperated collaborator. Mr. Carr's output of work has been enormous, other plays having included "Called Back," "Dark Days," "Forgiveness," "King Arthur," etc. He also founded and edited the "English Illustrated," and was director of the New Gallery and of the Lyceum Theatre.

* * *

The extraordinary difference in the size of fees paid by American and London periodicals respectively for special contributions continues to excite much envy and hatred among the not-so-lucky ones. Nor is this confined to the princely scale of pay offered for serial rights to certain British novelists. To name but three instances in point, Mr. Chas. Lowe received £70 from "Harper's" for his study of the late German Emperor, Mr. Arthur Branscombe £100 from "Munsey's" for an article on the English home of the Washingtons, and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome £50 for 3,000 words about his "favourite book." (You won't be surprised to learn that this turned out to be "Copperfield," Mr. Jerome's "Paul Kelver" being a sort of Dickens-and-water novel). Seriously, though, only about one of the London magazines pays really substantial rates.

* * *

The statement that his Majesty has offered to confer a countess's coronet upon the relict of "Joe" Chamberlain recalls one or two notable instances of titles having been declined with thanks. The most noteworthy, of course, was Mr. Gladstone's repeated refusal of a peerage. Queen Victoria, who couldn't stand the G.O.M. at any price, finally wrote to him, "The Queen would gladly confer a peerage on Mr. Gladstone, but she knows he would not accept it." Speaking of this same antipathy, Disraeli once said, "The Queen likes me and doesn't like Gladstone, because I treat her like a woman while he treats her like a public department." King Edward by no means shared his mother's antipathy, for in Gladstone's days of power, when King Edward was Prince of Wales, did not the G.O.M. answer a question regarding the allocation of a

"Smith has made quite a name for himself since he inherited that money."
"Really?"
"Yes, he calls himself Smythe now."

certain sum in the Secret Service Fund by saying that "if I stated what had been done with the money it would cease to be Secret Service money."

* * *

Mottoes for London's Coat of Arms as supplied by:—

Harry Lauder—"Ye Canna Get Somethin' for Naethin'!"

Gladstone Smith—"Dieu et mon droit."

Ex-King Manoel—"Dulce Domum."

The Unionist Party to the Government—"Get out and get under!"

An American Tourist—"Some Village!"

* * *

The Prince of Wales is likely to visit Canada in September, having been invited to preside at the celebration of the centenary of Sir George Etienne Cartier's birth (September 6, 1814). Cartier was the statesman who made Confederation for the Dominion an actuality. Though a French-Canadian, he would have no flag for Canada save the British, as witness what he said in a speech in 1869: "The Canadian people desire to remain faithful to the old monarchical flag of Great Britain, that flag which waves over all seas, that flag which tyranny has never been able to overcome, that flag which symbolises true liberty." All the Colonial Premiers have been invited to meet the "Pragger-Wagger" on this festive occasion, and the celebration is to take the form of a monument of Cartier on the slope of Mount Royal at Montreal, his home for years, and the scene of his biggest work.

* * *

Which of our theatrical leading ladies [illegible] say the "most unkindest" things? We believe it was Lady Tree who, on the night of William Terriss's murder, asked a journalist, who had lately provided the actor with a poor part, whether he had "killed poor Mr. Terriss?" And Lady Tree is also credited with a caustic, not to say mordant, rejoinder to [illegible] who asked if she didn't think it was memorable to see two such "great stars" as Miss——— and Mrs. ——— figuring in the same cast? "Oh," was the quick retort, "you call them 'great stars'; I should call them 'ancient lights.'"

* * *

Lord Dundonald, whose recent outspokenness on the subject of this country's treatment of its old soldiers has attracted some attention, is one of Sir Redvers Buller's few ardent defenders of the memory of Sir Redvers Buller. "But for Buller," said he to a friend the other day, "I should never have had my chance. It was an old promise that he should give me a command if war broke out with the Boers, and on the strength of that promise I sailed for the Cape, taking a couple of chargers with me. As soon as I reached the front, Buller gave me the command of the whole of his cavalry". The old promise in question goes back to the desperate Sudan fighting of 1884-5, when the Earl of Dundonald (as Lord Cochrane) excited Buller's admiration by the fearless way in which he carried Sir Redvers' despatches across the desert at great personal risk.

Phyllis: "How the trees moan and sigh!"
Phillip: "So would you moan and sigh if you were as full of green apples as they are."

Warwickshire—as if they were not strong enough already—will have a new and punishing batsman next season, by which time L. F. Taylor will have qualified. This dashing young cricketer, who plays for Staffordshire County (where Sidney Barnes comes from) and Walsall, did a noteworthy thing in "the Potteries" the other day. Playing for Walsall v. Smethwick, he actually scored 175 out of 251 for three wickets, batting for only ninety minutes all told, and hitting 5 sixes and 24 fours.

* * *

The wrangling about the Smith-Carpentier match goes on apace, with little sign of immediate abatement. Perhaps one ought not to be surprised at the differences among the general public when there can be such a diversity of opinion, on a matter of hard fact, between experts as is shown in the two extracts below:—

> "He (Wells), too, entered the ring to receive the plaudits of all present and to shake hands with all and sundry, with the strange exception of Carpentier, who still massaged his leg and glanced with a rather enigmatical expression at the man who had twice bowed before his prowess."—*Daily News.*

> "Carpentier, who was looking more nervous than I have ever seen him before any of his other fights, shook hands warmly with Wells, his face lighting up with one of the few smiles that crossed it as he did so." —*Daily Mirror.*

TABLOID TOPICS.

The Mexican disorder: A "general" complaint.

* * *

If Ulster gets its clean cut, can it be brought to heal?

* * *

The Kaiser was not the author of the recent book "Chats on Photography."

* * *

Princess Trobetzkoi: "I love England because of the soft voices of the people." Optimist—with a name like that!

* * *

Says the *Times*, "To be well-booted is to feel well-dressed." Quite so. It would also be correct if the word "down" were added.

* * *

Mr. Shaw describes the modern boxer as "painstaking." The recollection of the last bout we had leaves us with an exactly opposite impression.

* * *

A dance at the Court Theatre recently represented a frieze. A welcome change after a succession of dances that have been decidedly warm.

* * *

The Admiralty have purchased the Salvation Army Congress Hall for use as an aeroplane shed. Thus it will still be a rallying place for sky-pilots.

* * *

At the Queen's Theatre there is a young lady among the audience whose duty it is to explain the jokes. Surely this is no innovation in places of entertainment.

* * *

We understand that the decision of the L.C.C. Fire Brigade Committee, to reduce the number of suburban fire stations, has been received with much glee by the W.S.P.U.

* * *

"Leg Massage and the Circulation," says a headline. We have long connected the "largest circulation" boasts of some of our contemporaries with attempts at leg-pulling.

* * *

The latest science is character-reading by the shape of the tongue. Our advice to those about to marry is to stick to the old-fashioned method of judging by the length of the tongue.

* * *

"Women have one thing in which they are supreme—their tongues" (Mrs. Pethick Lawrence). Yes, but the trouble is that they cannot hold their supremity for any length of time!

* * *

We notice that the treasurer of the Vegetarian Society, who died recently, has been cremated at Manchester. We don't like to joke on such a subject, but isn't this rather going against his principles?

* * *

"One French girl was so excited that she bit a large hope in her fan," says the *Daily Mirror* in its account of the Carpentier-Smith fiasco. Was it the white hope we are all looking for? If so, perhaps he will be no worse for being a little more hard-bitten than are some of our pugilists.

The three orders of beer: Beer, bitter, Bass.

* * *

Globe poster:—"Society Divorce Case—Remarkable Cricket." But the co-respondent didn't play it.

* * *

We are continually hearing Liberals refer to this year's "broad back" Budget. Tories are more inclined to associate it with a waist.

* * *

From a draper's advertisement: "At 2s. 11d. only; this skirt is well worth picking up." It all depends on the state of the wearer's hose.

* * *

The lady visitor to the House of Commons who asked for a peep at the guillotine must have taken all this talk about the cutting of Ulster too literally.

* * *

We are told that the evolution of modern fashions covers a period beginning before Cæsar's Invasion. It is good to hear that it does cover something.

* * *

A newspaper asks why breakfast is the dullest meal of the day. We meekly suggest that it may be because it is the meal at which people read newspapers.

* *

A writer connects the decay of boxing with the modern youth's love of dress. It is certainly true that the nut is never more pleased than when he is given socks.

* * *

A bus ran into a barber's shop recently. One of the customers declares that he had the closest shave he has had since he first patronised the establishment.

* * *

A message from the Orange men and women of Sydney to Sir E. Carson ends: "Rule Britannia. Robinson, Grand Master." And hasn't Father Neptune a hand in it, too?

* * *

The *Express* informs its readers that in order to join the Bachelors' Club, a man must not be married. There is nothing like these journalists for springing a surprise like this on you.

* * *

A new sweet pea—"The Fiery Cross"—raised by a well-known grower was among the prize-winners at the National Show. The producer must surely have been Larkin' when he named it.

* * *

Parents in Woolwich are advised by the local Medical Officer of Health that children should eat hard, coarse food. The demand for coke from the local gas works, however, has not yet shown any marked increase.

* * *

Mr. John Burns says he is doing his best to earn his salary. Well, he can't earn it better than by keeping as quiet as he is doing at present. If only certain other politicians would accept their salaries as hush money!

Mr. Newlywed: "Would you mind mending this collar, my love?"
Mrs. Newlywed: "You've married a typewriter, not a sewing machine!"

Mr. Plowden is still as fresh as ever. His last reported witticism was heard at his club, where some friends were discussing the virtues of different drinks as coolers against the effects of the heat-wave.

"Have you tried gin and ginger-beer?" asked one of the group.

"No," said Mr. Plowden; "but I've tried many people who have."

The announcement that American sky-scrapers are to have trains to link the different floors is quite true, although it is the outcome of their tall storeys.

* * *

The *Morning Post*, discussing the Ulster question, bewails the persistence of the "yellow journalism." But there is no such thing. It's all "orange" journalism.

IN STAGELAND.

There has been a most inspiring discussion in "T.P's Weekly" as to the necessity or otherwise for the activities of the theatre on Sundays. One distinguished journalist, however, gets right off the mark. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, in a letter which replies to Mr. Bourchier's theories in favour and which is bitterly and unnecessarily satirical, speaks of "the 'fashionable' actors . . . who would rather play rubbish and eat at the Carlton than do good work on a chop and a glass of beer—they have killed drama." The argument is idealist. Most idealist arguments are absurd and this is no exception. If the higher drama was standard efficiency as entertainment for the people the "good work" would bring the amount of support necessary to the indulgence of gastronomic ecstacy at the restaurant, the frequency of which Mr. Fyfe accepts as the hall mark of theatrical prosperity.

* * *

Mr. Fyfe hugs the dear old high-brow delusion that brought Mr. Hammerstein low. The English public, in spite of the self-important critics, very wisely has decided to define for itself its own brand of entertainment. It refuses to be lectured, and resents rhetoric. I must say I do not blame it! It seems to me pre-eminently sane and human to love Lee White and her vivid happiness of personality, and to hate (I hope with a strong and ever-increasing hatred) the nasty Arty pose of Barkerised Futurist Shakespeare and some other forms of the Higher Thought. We, the people, have no time for those artists who are comprehensible only in their own circle. Their pose is an unjustified presumption of superior intellect and has not been, is not, and never will be tolerated for one moment longer than the producer's money holds out. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, when he remembers, adopts the Higher Thought pose. Mr. Bourchier will not be grieved.

* * *

Mention of Lee White reminds me that I want to prescribe for you if you suffer from "dumps" in any shape or form. My remedy is infallible. Take a little while longer for dinner and go into the Alhambra just before 10 o'clock. You will then be in time to hear Miss White and her four satellites sing their Dixie number. Its melodious happiness is the most infectious thing in London, and, like a profound truth, it improves with repetition. Jack Morrison, by the way, after having doubled his own and Bobby Hale's rôles very successfully for a period, has now taken on Mr. George Grossmith's work during the latter's absence from the cast. Morrison makes a better thing of it than it has ever been before. This new young artist is brilliant and quite unspoilt, and the Alhambra management are to be congratulated and thanked for having discovered him for us.

* * *

I have heard the "A Scrap of Paper" has struck a bad time at the Criterion, and is shortly to be withdrawn. If this indeed be so then no contemporary comedy deserves to live. It is perfectly played by Miss Nancy Price, Mr. Lyn Harding and a splendid cast and possseses the intricate yet simple delicacy and beauty of a valuable Dresden vase. Snatch an evening and go before it comes off, which it may do, I am afraid, unless it gets discovered these next few days. In any event I feel privileged to recommend it very highly. It was produced, unfortunately, precisely at the most unpromising period.

* * *

I hear now that a very prominent theatrical impresario is in terrible financial straits, the figure involved probably approximating £16,000. The gentleman is a man of culture and unusual brain capacity, yet he was the victim of a panic in my opinion.

* * *

With regard to the slump in revue, I enjoyed an enlightening chat just recently. It was at a popular suburban hall, one of a large and influential circuit. I was in the manager's office reading the current bills of the other houses under the same control, and was surprised to see the quantity of revues still featuring in their programmes. "It won't last long," he observed, "they can't afford to come!" You see they are suspect, and are now accepted only on sharing terms, thus they have to make their own salaries. If the system becomes general it will put a whole lot of them out of action, and the only people who will feel the slightest regret will be the poor artists concerned.

W. R. C. R.

Kyasht as "Javotte." (Coliseum).

GINGER.

Two glittering chevrons, adorning his left arm, denoted his exact status in His Majesty's Army.

His biggest chum couldn't have called him handsome.

Six foot two, with a kink somewhere amidships; add a broad phizog, sprinkled plentifully with freckles, an enormous mouth, from which two front teeth had long ago been bashed, and you have a fair picture of Ginger Tyson; minus his nasal organ.

Obviously it wasn't Ginger's fault that he *was* ginger, or that his first offspring should be twins, and similarly thatched.

He on both counts he commanded sympathy.

Despite his facial disadvantages, Ginger was a boy with the girls; his wobbly glad eye was ever ready to roll.

Popular also was he "wid the bhoys;" he commanded their respect by possessing a thirst worthy of a sponge.

Ginger, I hear, has now ceased to flirt, for his wandering optic very nearly landed him in the soup one day whilst away from his buxom spouse and vivid twinlets, on a billeting scheme.

The motor-lorries, laden with their squirming human freight, hadn't gone far before the argument began.

The topic "girls," it goes without saying.

Ginger, being in charge of the argument-brigade, told them repeatedly to Bernardly dry up.

Finally he joined in himself.

"Put a sock in it, Murphy," he bellowed, above the roar of the vehicle. "You couldn't get a sniff in where a skirt's concerned if I wuz anywhere handy; with a dial like mine, too, why I'd whack you hollow. Bet yer arf a gallon I gets a mash before you, if anything decent's knockin' round."

"Done, Carporal," burred the little lance Jack, twirling the football teams adorning his upper lip.

Luck favoured Ginger, for, whilst most of the crew got billeted to various cottages in the straggling village upon arrival, Ginger and Murphy got fixed up at an inn; famous more, perhaps, for its gratuitous bread and cheese than for the quality of its liquid refreshment.

That self-same evening the duel began.

A maiden dark, dimpled and buxom dispensed the nectar behind a shiny expanse of counter.

Murphy inflated his chest, and twirled his fluff anew.

Ginger looked, and already in fancy was mopping that half-gallon.

Each tried to outshine the other in wits. Presently Ginger, with infinite tact, produced and presented a bag of chocolates.

Murphy coughed violently.

Ginger was one up.

When the bar closed, however, Murphy led a good way. He had dived out, and, returning, had handed to the delighted maiden a large box of sweetmeats tied with elaborate blue ribbons. It was on Murphy that the last beaming smile rested.

Next morning Ginger counted his stock of money ruefully; the missis wanted a new pair of gloves, and had subtly conveyed that he'd better not return empty-handed.

Feeling very virtuous, Ginger haunted the village until he found a shop where, among eatables, haberdashery was stocked. The gloves were bought.

"How do!" cried Ginger gallantly to the lady of the duel, as he saw her approaching. "Fine day, what? D'ye know, I was just hoping to meet you Matter of fact, I've a little present here for you. Hope you won't mind my cheek. Can't we walk along a little, eh what?"

She sauntered along in the twilight, and accepted the gloves with a delighted smile of thanks.

Ginger puffed his chest and twirled his cane arrogantly until he spied Murphy approaching, when he placed a protecting arm through her's. Murphy passed with the curtest of nods. "That beer's mine," thought Ginger.

Murphy paid up with a bad grace, muttering darkly about married men knowin' 'ow to tell the blinkin' tale.

Ginger mopped steadily, and grinned his triumph.

Next evening Mrs. Ginger beamed a broad welcome on her lanky spouse over the steamy supper-table.

Ginger groaned as he thought of the gloves.

"Couldn't get the gloves, Liz," he mumbled, his mouth full of tripe. "Rotten, poky, little village; no shops, nor nuthin'. Besides, the skipper's been chasing us like a lot of buck niggers. What! Got a pair! Well, that's all right then," grunted Ginger relieved.

"Yes, young Susie sent 'em. You've never seen Susie, 'ave you? She was livin' with Aunt Lizzie when you courted me. She's in business now. 'Ere, read 'er letter if you've finished yer supper. She's getting a fair caution."

Ginger lit a Wild Woodbine, leaned back, and read:—

Bug and Glue-pot Inn,
Mudletown.

Dear Liz,

Sorry I couldn't come to stay as promised.

I've only been in this crib two months, couldn't very well expect a week-end yet, specially as they're busy now, the troops coming and going.

Rare sporty lot these soldiers, ain't they? Free with their ooftish. You'd av roared, one ugly great gawk was proper gone on me—only here two days. Sloppy fool, bought chocolates and gloves, etc. The gloves don't fit me. They're your size, I believe, so am sending them on. I didn't mind pulling his leg a bit, but drew the line at writing to him. Face like his would stop a train. Barber's pole on tramp, only barbers' poles ain't got any pillows to rest yer fat head on, 'av they? I'm going to get a week-end off soon, and am coming to see your wonderful twins and the dear Arthur you're so full of. Au revoir, sis.

Your loving
Bella.

"Bit of a nut, ain't she?" smiled Mrs. Ginger.

"Darned hard nut to crack, I bet," snarled Ginger.

Ethel Clem.

BOXING'S BOOM.

Confound this boxing; how it intrudes itself into everything in life. In the dog days one expects to be able to give boxing a safety-miss for a week or so at any rate, but the present boom has so tickled the public palate that satiety does not seem at hand. They are clamouring for more.

One notes that a good boy is to be sacrificed on the altar of sensation. Young Ahearn, a twenty-years' old boy, a rattling good middle-weight it is true, but not yet up to the middle-weight limit of 11st. 6lbs., is to be matched against Georges Carpentier for a purse of £10,000 guaranteed by "John Bull." It is absurd, and I hope the common-sense brigade in the great B.P. will signify their disgust by giving the show the cold shoulder.

The white heavy-weight champion to be a champion must be big enough to meet all comers. Fancy pitting an eleven-stone boy against "Gunboat" Smith, Carl Morris, Bombardier Wells, P. O. Curran, Tony Ross, and a dozen others who could be mentioned—the very idea is laughable and unsportsmanlike in the extreme. We have been told that 12st. is big enough for anything, but 11st.—it does not bear thinking about.

Carpentier is a lucky man. I am absolutely convinced that before the accidental foul was perpetrated by "Gunboat" Smith he was a beaten man. He is 12st. 4lbs. and Smith is roughly 13st., and that other ten pounds made Smith so much the stronger man that a great boxer like Carpentier was, as I saw the fight, certain to be beaten. What a difference would the other eighteen pounds make were Ahearn matched against Smith. It is horrible, and a good boy may have his promising career nipped in the bud at the very start by such unscrupulous handling. I may be wrong, but if ever there was a proposed match in which the law should step in and put a very big foot down, it is the present proposed championship meeting. I am doubtful if it will ever get much further than the talk stage. He has yet to beat Pat O'Keeffe, the middle-weight champion.

It has been said that Carpentier was not hurt by Smith before he fell to the boards, and he has told many other stories that receive a flat contradiction from the film. But, there, so much has been written about this match that I am going to drop it.

So in the dog days we are getting challenges and counter-challenges, and Bombardier Wells, Ahearn, Jim Coffey and others pass on and pass off, handing out cartels and throwing down metaphorical gauntlets to the French idol. Well, there is money in it, and so, I suppose, there is justification. It is a fine thing to be a champion heavy-weight.

Personally, I have always maintained that it was a crime against both the white and the black races when the Johnson and Burns match was made, and I wonder that Johnson has got out of some places alive after his insulting behaviour in the ring when boxing white men. But that he is the champion none can deny, and until he is beaten the boxing boom will last. No French federation can ever deprive him of the honour. But he will not last for ever, and when he is beaten, I hope it will be by a white man. Moran was not clever enough to do the trick, but the Paris fight showed that Johnson is not the Johnson of old, the man who outboxed Tommy Burns, and made big Jim Jeffreys give up the battle. How would Johnson v. Ahearn look as a championship? Why, M. Descamps, Carpentier's astute manager, would not dream of matching his man against the giant negro, but we are told Ahearn is the white hope. Carpentier is never described as a white hope.

* * *

We are raving mad in sport in these July days. Time was when the quiet delights of a day at the Oval or Lord's, a visit to Henley regatta, the delights of Ascot or Goodwood, or Bisley, to say nothing of Hurlingham and Ranelagh would content us, but we want our meat hot and strong in these stirring times. And as the public are willing to pay the piper they think they are calling the tune. But the selection has been cut and dried for them, and so they swelter and get excited in July over what is proper for January.

In the passing show it is true there is little else of interest to comment upon. Middlesex are making the running strongly for the County Cricket Championship.

The Wingfield Sculls, the amateur sculling championship of England, has been won by J. L. Tann, of the Thames Rowing Club, who beat the holder, C. W. Wise, over the Thames championship course. The holder was not himself; he had been suffering a lot of pain from an affection of the ears, and had been unable to train properly.

There is one interesting event in the week. This M.C.C. Tennis Gold Racquet has changed hands. It has been vested in E. H. Miles so long that he looked like keeping it for ever. Miles has won the gold prize fifteen times in the last eighteen years, but he was beaten this week by J. F. Marshall. It is only fair to Miles to say that he retired after the third set owing to an injury to his foot, but it is also just to Marshall to state that he was leading by two sets to one when Miles retired.

W. G. Grace, the greatest of all living cricketers, at 66, keeps up his interest in the game. He is, I believe, not but recently played in the Eltham Cricket Club's week and played in every match. His attachment to bowls, beagling and golf has not killed his interest or love for the greater game by any manner of means.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

'Arry: "Wotcher call them things, Bill? Thort you was selling the 'Dying Duck'?"
Bill: "Narl Doncher know it's close season for game birds now?"

HULLO! ESCALATOR.

"Have you escalated?" said Clara.

I knocked my egg severely.

"Have I —"

"Escalated. You go to Charing Cross and get on the moving staircase, and the fun is to get off again. All the people worth knowing are doing it. Minnie King says it's better than the Big Wheel, and Mabel thinks —"

In the end, of course, I agreed to go.

* * *

We took the tube to the Embankment. After watching the experienced hands for a few minutes, Clara led the way to the moving platform. We stepped on. Things went swimmingly for about five seconds; then the whole weight of Clara's nine stone fell into my arms. On considering the matter later, we decided that she had stepped where two of the horizontal pieces meet, and her foothold was taken away when the arrangement began to ascend.

We made a dart at the top, and I bought a strip of tickets.

"Now, let's try the downward journey," said Clara.

We were not to be caught this time. Stepping fairly upon one stair we thought how simple the affair was.

"There's nothing much to learn, after all."

"No. Easy as A B C," I laughed. "All you have to do is. . . . What! . . . What on earth!!"

Clara had been leaning carelessly upon the bannisters. As these travel a little slower than the stairs, she had unconsciously assumed a posture falling more and more from the perpendicular, until she had sat down with more suddenness than dignity.

After this she was determined not to leave until the art of escalating had been acquired. We boarded a train (for the sake of appearance), and were back again on the scene of action before we had properly got our breath.

"Now," I said, with the air of a surgeon in an operating theatre, "step firmly on, and don't use the bannister."

We stepped on with the crowd. Clara took the next step below a flower-girl of ample proportions.

The summit was reached, and the flower girl and Clara stepped off simultaneously—or perhaps not quite simultaneously. Clara must have alighted a moment later than her companion, for when the flower-laden girl had come to a full stop, Clara was left no alternative but to crash into her. This was rather unfortunate, as the impact not only upset the flowers, but the lady's temper as well, and the language could only be turned off by adequate compensation.

Clara was willing to abandon the lessons after this, but I would hear of no such thing. I intended that this attempt to learn how to escalate should be the last as well as the first.

She yielded, on condition that we returned home after descending once more.

I gave her another ticket, and we made for the head of the staircase. Two boys were standing there to punch tickets, and Clara had put one foot on the moving platform at the moment when she offered her ticket to be punched, with the result that her left limb was moving farther and farther away. . . .

Well, happily, the ticket tore in halves, and I had the presence of mind to give Clara a vigorous push—and in this way an awkward situation was narrowly averted.

At the bottom I remembered (or said I did) that I had a little business to transact in Northumberland Avenue. It couldn't wait. Besides, I offered lunch at Morley's if she would go upstairs once again.

She succumbed. All our previous mistakes were carefully avoided. We were nervously alert for pitfalls. Clara seemed unable even to leave the staircase, so afraid was she of snares; and she continued on when she should have jumped off at any cost. Naturally she battered the toes of her patent leather shoes against the stationary barricade where the escalator disappears; but somehow she kept her balance whilst she was swirled off—like a piece of driftwood in a rapid stream.

After this, what less could I do than carry out my promise as regards lunch, and, as I think you'll agree, I regarded the experience quite worth the price of a new pair of patent leather shoes.

A. W. Rye.

Mr. Cuthbert C. Grundy: "Art is a necessity." And as such knows no law.

"The greatest boon ever offered to those in failing health."
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Health Magneto

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Nervous Exhaustion,
Premature Senility,
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Locomotor Ataxy,
Physical Decay,

Nervous Disorders,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Neuritis,
Headache,
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HOLIDAY GOLF.

Holiday golf is the best side of the game. Who cannot recall one of the best times in his or her life, when with a cheery party at some seaside links singles have been a tonic, and foursomes a delight? And for this type of golf one does not need to go to Deal or Sandwich, or St. Andrews, or in fact to any of the swell links. Indeed, the Hoylakes and Prestwich's and such resorts of the mighty are the places to avoid.

I remember some few years ago on a yachting tour with a brother pressman we put in at Mersea Island just off Brightlingsea, and found a nine-holes' course which at the most was played upon by about a dozen people. We were going to give Frinton and other places round the mouth of the Thames the pleasure of our presence, but we stuck at Mersea, and had a great time.

Old Peter Lonie is, or was, the pro there, and he would sometimes in the dusk be persuaded to bring out his bagpipes and skirl to us. There is something in the sound of the pipes which touches the spot, and Peter's piping was as good, or better perhaps than his golf. Music in the club-house in the evenings, and occasional bridge parties, made us loth to leave Mersea Island, and indeed the only other course we touched in a fortnight was Rochford.

Then I have also recollections of a nine-holes' course at Torquay, on the cliffs at Babbacombe. Here you could play on perfect lies every description of shot, and find all sorts of trouble, from a yawning abyss to a stone wall or a disused quarry. There are some delightful holes at Babbacombe, and occasionally—at, I think, the first hole—you may find one ball from your drive in the middle of a cricket match. I remember mine was once literally at the feet of a deep third man, and I was very close to the green.

You may be more ambitious and want to play over full eighteen holes. Well, there are eighteen holes on the racecourse. Perhaps Torquay is too far, or yachting to Mersea out of the question. Then you can find golf at every seaside resort round the coast; real holiday golf with no thoughts of medal rounds or handicaps.

I was playing at Kingsgate (Broadstairs) last year, and had games with all sorts and conditions of players, from a good plus four to a cheery individual who went round with one club. It had a cricket-bat handle and a wooden face like a baffy. He drove, played his seconds, got out of bunkers and putted all with this one nondescript club, and was very hard to beat off the nine mark.

Littlehampton may appeal to the holiday-maker who wants really first-class golf. It is a fine course with plenty of long holes and some difficult carries. Or you may be over in Ireland, and then do not miss Newcastle County Down, with its emerald green ribbon—like fairways amid sandhills, and practically no necessity for artificial bunkers. One of the very best courses in the world, both for the good man and the novice.

Or if in the neighbourhood of Southport or Blackpool, don't by any means miss Wallasey. It is a much more delightful course than the more exacting championship links at Hoylake. Some splendid surprise holes and nearly every one a good test of golf. And how well they feed you in the club-house.

If at Great Yarmouth the two courses now run into one, will give you some most tricky play; and Thorpe Hall, at Southend-on-Sea, is by no means uninteresting. Ramsgate has a delightful course at St. Augustine's, and Margate people can get a good test of their abilites at the Thanet links.

In the North you will find few more interesting links than at Redcar, and a week with girl caddies at Le Touquet, near Boulogne, and at Guernsey, will well repay you for your visit. No, it is not necessary to go to St. Andrews or the academic links for a golfing holiday. Such places are for the fanatics. Treat your golf lightly on your holidays, and do not make a pilgrimage of it, and you will thank

NIBLICK.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

G. R. (Putney).—"Mme. Louise," the Regent Street establishment, belongs to, and is directly controlled by, [illegible] Gordon, who had so trying an experience on the occasion Titanic disaster.

E. R. S. (Hull).—You can go to Havre, Cherbourg or St. [illegible] 15 days for 25s., return fare from Waterloo.

S. T. V. L. (Rye).—Lord Carbery is a Baron in the Irish no[illegible] His family name is Evans Freke. He is an inveterate loop[illegible] seems to "ask for it" with a particularly hazardous-looking hori[illegible] corkscrew loop.

E. N. A. (Norwich).—[illegible] would qualify you for the captaincy of a vessel, but it [illegible] tion, as most men take their Extra Master's Certificate.

R. E. Mc.P. (Mitcham).—The proprietor of the London Oper[illegible] is Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, who attends there most days. [illegible] for an appointment.

B. C. V. (Leeds).—The pitchblende industry (including refine[illegible] for radium) is confined almost exclusively to Cornwall.

A. N. C. (Southgate).—Frequent efforts have been made to [illegible] suade John Bunny, the kinema fat man, to come to England, [illegible] his salary in the U.S.A. is too high.

MOTORING.

F. B. (Reading).—A 1909 Triumph in good condition with fair tyres is worth about £20.

S. K. G. (Arundel).—The running costs of a motor-cycle depend to a large extent upon the owner, but with care should amount to under a penny a mile.

OUTER MAN.

L. G. (Malvern).—For a lounge suit the check should be of a small, insignificant pattern. It looks well in a mixture of silk and wool.

B. P. (Taunton).—At present dinner jackets are only worn at dinner when no ladies are present, or at the theatre when unaccompanied by one.

J. F. T. (Birmingham).—Very broad shoe laces are effeminate and ugly.

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IT is said that "hunger is the best Sauce." This may be right in a way but the Epicure whose palate at times requires stimulating is often of a different opinion. He looks round for some condiment that not only contains the necessary ingredients to promote a good and healthy appetite, but also possesses the power to effectually aid the digestive organs. The proprietors of the P.P.S. in placing their Speciality before the public can, with the utmost confidence, recommend it as the best Sauce upon the market. It has won its way to the front rank entirely by its unrivalled merits, and not by extensive advertising. Its exquisite flavour and its approved ability to aid digestion so appeal to those once using it that its sales are continuously increasing. A perusal of the numerous unsolicited testimonials will confirm the above statement.

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LONDON, E.C.

FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

"There is no business." This summarises the present state of affairs on the Stock Exchange—completely overshadowed by political, Continental and other anxieties. We must resign ourselves to seeing this period of suspense and stagnation prolonged until the Home Rule Ulster squabble is finally settled, and the political comedians engaged therein give the public a rest from their farcical performances. While MODERN LIFE always maintains the strictest neutrality in political affairs, it remains true that the financial outlook has been dominated far too long by the political situation at home. Consequently, whoever holds securities has suffered cruelly from the ineptitude of certain self-advertising political adventurers, who have caused a serious depreciation in the finest Home securities, especially Home Rails and Industrials, and there will be no hope of a revival until a reasonable and definite solution of this irritating problem has been found—and accepted—by the various noisy factions who have caused all the trouble. We can then begin to discuss market conditions and prospects with some hope of rendering our readers practical service.

* * *

The Brazilian Loan negotiations still appear to hang fire. What is going on? Unless we are wrongly informed, Messrs. Rothschild and the Percival Farquhar crowd, who control the Brazil Railway group, with its capital of £50,000,000, do not see eye to eye in this serious business.

* * *

Apparently the Farquhars are expecting to secure a substantial share of this Loan in satisfaction of certain claims on the Brazilian Government. Now, Messrs. Rothschild consider, we believe, that the sums thus claimed are too large, so that there will have to be a compromise between these two powerful groups before the famous Loan can be issued. Here we may remark that the last Brazilian Loan, sponsored by the Rothschilds, proved a ghastly failure.

* * *

We hear that while there appears to be "nothing doing" in the financial side of the coconut industry, there is, as a matter of fact, considerable activity among certain prominent financial groups. The principal group, which has acquired some splendid properties in various regions—the West Indies, Panama, the Dutch East Indies, and Southern India—are exceptionally active.

* * *

Altogether they control over 10,000,000 cocoanut palms. This means that they will, within two or three years, have estate valued at over £13,000,000, a sound, full-bearing cocoanut palm being worth, at seven years' purchase, £1 16s. The original shareholders in the companies of this group should do remarkably well.

* * *

Parrow's Bank must be congratulated on the very satisfactory Report just issued. The Directors have been in a position to increase substantially the Reserve Fund and carry forward, and to make up the dividend to 7 per cent. for the year. This is the tenth yearly dividend.

* * *

Amalgamations still remain quite fashionable—the latest including the famous Coutts and Lubbock Banks, the Lion and New Westminster Breweries—a £1,000,000 "deal"—and the Northern Assurance with the National Guarantee. The Northern Company has a capital of £3,000,000, and the National Guarantee, which specialises in fidelity business, has a capital of £500,000.

* * *

Insurance amalgamations are popular among Directors and Managers because in the process some get "pickings" while others get pensions. The rank and file always tremble, because they know that some of them are certain to suffer by summary dismissal.

We have excellent reasons for recommending our readers to exercise the greatest caution in connection with the shares of the General Omnibus Supply Company, Ltd. Frankly, we do not care for the surroundings of this concern which many people may quite innocently suppose is connected with the famous London General Omnibus Company, Ltd.

* * *

Canadian share-pushers are again getting busy—this time with the Ashe Oil Company. London brokers are being tempted to push these shares at a commission of ten per cent. Let possible buyers beware!

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

The following securities yield, at present quotations, 4 per cent. and over.—

		Price.	Yield p.c. £ s. d.
Ceylon Loan	1939-57	100	4 0 0
Queensland Loan	1940-50	98½	4 1 3
Gold Coast Loan	1939-59	97¾	4 1 9
Bengal Nagpur Railway 4 per cent Debentures		98½	4 1 3

* * *

Most people erroneously imagine that if they like to pay the premiums they can assure *anybody's* life and claim the money when the assured person dies. Generally speaking, a wife can assure her husband, seeing that she usually depends upon him for her subsistence. But a husband has no assurable interest in his wife, unless he can claim that her death would prove a specific money loss to him. Except under special circumstances, a father has no assurable interest in his child. But you can always assure *any* child, by proving that the policy is for its exclusive benefit.

* * *

Only when the King's death would cause you pecuniary loss can you assure his life, and then only the actual sum lost can be claimed. Suppose a Piccadilly tradesman assured the King's life for £5,000 to cover a trade loss due to the monarch's death, and that his actual loss only amounted to £1,000. Even if he had paid premiums for years on the £5,000 he could only claim the £1,000 really lost. A creditor can assure the life of a debtor; a manager the life of an artist or singer whose sudden death or serious illness would cause him a specific loss. A company can assure the life of a brainy official whose sudden death would mean pecuniary loss.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope.]

K. G. (Pontefract).—The shares you mention are a fair mining risk; company stands well; dividends steadily increasing.

W. L. (Bolton).—Cannot recommend Brazilian Securities, outlook too obscure at present moment. See our recent comments.

Kyp (Penzance).—Hold your shares. General position promising. They would participate in any activity that might develop.

Mildred (Rhyl).—Keep clear. Unscrupulous outside brokers. You would certainly lose your money.

G B. (Margate).—Six per cent. cannot be secured with absolute safety. With your small resources one of the four per cent. securities we quote this week would prove both safe and suitable.

L. L. (Llanelly).—You can combine the purchase of a house with life assurance on very favourable terms. "Why pay rent?" State your position and requirements.

Thrifty (Banbury).—Several companies offer life assurance on certain systems at extremely low rates. Let us know your age and what yearly premium you can pay. We will then advise.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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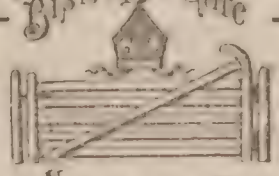
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RACING.

By "OBSERVER."

Glorious Goodwood comes up for decision this week and during the four days of the gathering—from Tuesday to Friday—we are assured of plenty of attractive racing. Although the market on that highly-speculative race, the Stewards' Cup, which will be run on Tuesday, opened tamely, there has since been a great deal of ante-post wagering of an open character.

Several owners evidently fancy the chance of their candidates, but, personally, I think LORD ANNANDALE had an excellent public trial for the race when finishing second to Harmonicon at Newmarket the other day, and I expect him to follow up his success of that year. Mercutio and Jameson should also run well.

As I stated some time ago, Mr. J. B. Joel expects to have several winners at the meeting, and it should be profitable to follow his colours. Golden Sun, Radiant, and Parhelion are his candidates for the Stewards' Cup, and the selected of such a useful trio should make a bold bid for the spoils.

Foy, the jockey who rode Hapsburg, winner of the Eclipse Stakes, said after that race that he feels sure Sir Ernest Cassel's horse will win the St. Leger. Hapsburg is a mere pony, but what he lacks in size he makes up for in gameness. He will probably dispute favouritism with Corcyra for the last of the classics.

Redfern, who won the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park, is a handsome son of St. Denis. He is an improving youngster, and will take a lot of beating when at his best later in the year.

Another juvenile that should pay for following is Wormleighton, a winner at Leicester the other day. A son of Sir Archibald, he is very backward. When his big frame fills out he will win many races. Prior to this recent success Wormleighton had been unlucky in his previous efforts, for at Birmingham he jumped a path and became unbalanced when he was narrowly beaten by Arcot and Yellow Jester; and at Pontefract, where he was second to Benevolent, he was shut in at a critical stage.

Steve Donoghue has been easily the most successful jockey so far this season, and he is almost certain to finish at the head of the list of winning riders at the end of the campaign. Alec Taylor, of Manton fame, has won more money for his patrons than any other trainer, and Mr. J. B. Joel is at the head of the list of winning owners.

The dangers of the bends on the Oadby track were emphasised in no uncertain manner at the meeting there last week. Four horses came to grief on the opening day, when rain had affected the course, and Foy will be kept out of the saddle for about three weeks as the result of an injured shoulder sustained by the fall of Viearla. For so many horses to be brought down at a flat-race meeting is unusual, and it is to be hoped that the enterprising directors of the Leicester Racecourse Company will not have a repetition of similar mishaps which may easily result in serious injuries to jockeys.

I have already dealt with the Stewards' Cup on the opening day at Goodwood, and my selection, Lord Annandale, may prove to be the best thing of the week. On the same day Blue Danube may score in the Charlton Welter Handicap, and La Marquise in the Goodwood Plate Stakes. Annecy should take the Goodwood Plate on Wednesday, Sun Umbrella the Findon Stakes, and Sanford the Singleton Plate.

On Thursday King's Scholar may win the Derby Handicap, and Fairy Dream the Rous Memorial Stakes, and First Spear should secure the Nassau Stakes on the concluding day, and Happy Fanny the Chichester Plate.

The Alexandra Park and Catteridge Bridge meetings conclude the week's racing on Saturday. At the London fixture Romeo may score in the Alexandra Welter Handicap, and Holt's Pride in the Municipal Handicap. Likely winners at Catterick Bridge are:—Proud Kate in the Bridge Plate, and Lovely Boy in the Swale Plate

WITH MOTOR CYCLE AND CAR.

Just at present the chief topic that is interesting motorists is the reduction in the price of petrol—and what it means. Certainly a penny a gallon either way is nothing very startling, but if this is the first shot in a price-war—well, then, it is possible that we may all look forward to a happy time for at least a year or two. It is generally agreed that one and ninepence a gallon was an exceedingly inflated figure, and it will be necessary to lower it by several pence before we are prepared to cry "Content!" As a matter of fact, petrol can be sold at a profit at about 1/4 a gallon—and were it not for circumstances beyond their control the Trust would probably have raised it to half a crown. The circumstances in question were the popularity of benzole and the appearance of the co-operative petrol societies.

Few people are prepared to believe that any trust has a conscience, so it is necessary to examine the matter closely in order to ascertain what lay behind the penny reduction. The probability is that the astute directors intend for a time to endeavour to increase the cheapness and thereby the popularity of motoring rather than penalise those who participate in its delights. No doubt they are also quite prepared to indulge in a "war" against the various co-operative concerns. On the whole it is unlikely that the prices will be materially reduced in the future. Meanwhile, it is essential that motorists should remain loyal to the smaller companies.

So far as motor-cyclists are concerned, the reduction is not a matter of great importance, as in these days of patent carburetters the petrol bill is not usually the largest item in the year's account. But with light cars where mileage per gallon is much smaller the least change of price brings about a substantial alteration in the annual total of disbursements. That is why benzole is so popular and why so many people are fitting paraffin carburetters to their cars. Benzole will almost invariably banish "knocking," and will give greatly increased power and mileage. For motor-cycles, too, the fuel is excellent. It is a good plan to inject a little into the engine before starting up, and this will facilitate that operation immensely. As a rule the plug will be found almost immune from sooting up, and carbonization will be very, very slow. Its great disadvantage is, of course, the unfortunate effect it has on the enamel of the tank. Whenever any benzole is spilt it should be allowed to dry and *not* wiped off. Then the minimum of damage will be done, and the worst reminder of your carelessness will be a slightly roughened surface of the tank.

A good deal of doubt appears to exist as to whether paraffin is suitable for motor-cycles. A friend of mine uses practically nothing else, and he tells me that his engine troubles are at a minimum. He has fixed up two tanks, one of which is placed above the large tank, and this contains petrol. Each communicates with the carburetter by means of a separate pipe. First the petrol is turned on and utilised to start the machine. At the end of about a minute, when the engine is warm, the petrol is turned off and the paraffin allowed to flow into the carburetter. In this way the fuel bill is reduced by almost one half. The only objection to paraffin is that it never loses an opportunity of finding its way through the smallest opening. For this reason great care should be taken to prevent leakages.

E. B. I.

The Wiltshire Education Committee have decided that the meaning of "youth" does not depend upon sex. And many of our actresses appear to think that it doesn't depend on age either.

CHOOSE YOUR CAREER

Yes; CHOOSE your career; MAKE your career; that is the ONLY way to get on. It's no use your folding your hands and waiting. Nothing comes in the world of work to him who waits, except a tombstone. The men who make their way, who succeed, who win and hold good positions, are the men who have a definite object and who determinedly push and fight to get there. What is your aim? Read this list of some of the

Positions for which the I.C.S. Qualify Students

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Concrete Engineer .....
Designer, General .....
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Farmer .....
Foreign Correspondent .....
Gas-Power Engineer .....
Linguist .....
Marine Engineer .....
Mechanical Engineer .....
Mine Foreman .....
Mine Manager .....
Motor Engineer .....
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Patternmaker .....
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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

SEVERAL CHANCES.

"Where can I see some of the latest effects in summer hosiery?"

"Our stocking department is two aisles to the left," replied the floorwalker courteously. "We also have musical comedy in our theatre on the roof."

* * *

CAUGHT.

"Why are you so pensive?" he asked.

"I'm not pensive," she replied.

"But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

"Well, I didn't have anything to say."

"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

"No."

"Angel! Will you be my wife?

* * *

INFALLIBLE.

"Tell me," said the lovelorn youth, "what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you."

"Marry her," replied Peckham promptly.

* * *

GRATITUDE.

Chaperon: "Young man, you have your arm around that young lady's waist!"

Young Man: "Thanks! I've been trying to find the spot all the evening, but with these new gowns a fellow hardly knows where he's at."

* * *

There is something quite convincing about Sir Thomas Lipton's last message from Shamrock IV.: "Light northerly airs. All in good spirits." Cause and effect, of course.

* * *

A bare-faced lie is better than a joke with whiskers on it.—*Judge.*

She: "How is it you are not bathing?"
He: "Against my principles! I shall never put my foot into water until I can swim." *Journal Amusant.*

IT WAS NECESSARY.

"I understand Bogsworth's boy is making a name for himself."

"Which one?"

"Clarence Augustus."

"He had to."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* * *

PERFECT PEACE.

First Indolent: "Deuced quiet club, old chap."

Second Indolent: "My word, yes! They do not serve soup here on account of the noise."—*Puck.*

* * *

A SIGN.

Billy: "Do you believe in signs?"

Milly: "Yes, indeed."

Billy: "Well, last night I dreamed you were madly in love with me. What is that a sign of?"

Milly: "That's a sign you were dreaming."—*Penn State Froth.*

* * *

A number of women in Chicago have voted to take steps to rationalise the fashions. There is but one obstacle to the movement. Dressed as she is, the modern woman *can't* take steps.—*Puck.*

* * *

BY THEIR CLOTHES SHALL YE KNOW.

The apparel oft proclaims the man, but the present styles show up the woman.—*Judge.*

* * *

NOT HIS.

"You say you haven't anything to be thankful for?" said the clergyman to one of his parishioners. "Why, look at your neighbour, Hayes; he has just lost his wife by influenza."

"Well," said the parishioner, "that don't do me any good; I ain't Hayes."—*Dallas News.*

AT A WOMAN'S CLUB.
Member (interrupting story): "Sh-h-h-h! Not so loud! There's a gentleman present!"—*Puck*

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Of what does the wardrobe of the well-dressed man consist? This question is put to me by a correspondent who, by the bye, mentions that he has just returned from a long sojourn in Australia. It is a little difficult to think that "J. E. W." is really in search of information, for I imagine that the average man's wardrobe depends on his purse. As a matter of fact, some people find that their purse depends on their wardrobe, and there is no doubt that good clothes are an excellent investment in many walks of life. It is so very easy to be well dressed, and it is so very economical gradually to acquire a good stock of clothes. In this matter man is much better off than the weaker sex. His garments last far longer and do not easily go out of fashion.

* * *

The present styles will probably be correct for many years to come, and suits bought at present should, if well cared for, be presentable for a very long time. The more clothes you have, the better you keep them, and the lower will be your tailor's bill. This may sound paradoxical, but nevertheless it is true—if due judgment be exercised. He who is not over-burdened with this world's goods cannot afford to indulge in extremes of fashion. Some establishment or other is always producing a new style or a new cloth. For a time, perhaps, these catch on and Piccadilly hails them as "it." Three months later they have disappeared, and to wear them is to make oneself an object of ridicule. The careful man should therefore depend on his taste and not bother himself too much about "fashion's latest decree."

* * *

Extremes are met with in shirts and ties quite as much as in suits. For the last week or two most of the shops have been conducting their summer sales. In the men's wear departments you meet with an assortment of garments of all kinds, but there is usually absolutely nothing to suit the man of quiet and subdued taste. What you get is the remnant of those goods which were too glaringly "fashionable" to sell well. There are shirts in marvellous arrangements of greens and yellows, but ask for a plain blue or a plain buff and you will be told that your choice is not reduced. The same applies to silk handkerchiefs which may be had at "give-away" prices if you care to insult your nose with an appalling mixture of yellow and black checks.

* * *

The moral of this is that if you don't want to see the shirt you paid six shillings for marked up in a sale at "one-and-eleven" you should not try to be too "fashionable." The man who can afford to wear a garment for a fortnight—and then give it to his valet—is the only person to whom freak fashions should appeal.

* * *

When one comes to consider the question of the minimum wardrobe it is as well to begin at the easy end. Taking first the necessaries, an evening dress suit cannot, of course, be dispensed with. An additional dinner jacket is well nigh essential. It should be made of the same cloth as the tail-coat, and then one pair of trousers will do for both. For wear at "At homes" and similar gatherings, a morning-coat must, of course, be procured. This has entirely replaced the old-fashioned frock-coat. It needs to be very well made, and is eminently a job for a first-class tailor.

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